

The Mission of St. Patrick

THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR O'RIORDAN.

*From a Sermon Preached in the Church of St. Isidore,
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THEODOSIUS, the last who ruled over a united Roman Empire, died in 395, and with him disappeared what was left of Roman civilization. The Goths were already on their way to devour the decaying old Empire, and they were followed soon by the Huns and the Vandals. St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine, lived in those times; but their lives were spent in defending the rights of the Church against the traitors of Chalcedon in the East, and its doctrines against the Arian heretics in the West. Their only thought was to extend Christianity, or to preserve and purify what there was of it, within the Empire. Nobody thought of carrying the light of the Gospel outside it. St. Patrick also lived in those times, was a witness of those events, and he would have been led by the same influences and purposes as others, if he had not believed that he had received a commission direct from heaven which he could not dare to disregard. The voices "from the woods of Focluth by the Western Sea" kept ringing in his ears. Thirty-five years passed from the time he left Marmoutier till he set out for Ireland to answer the appeal of those voices. During those years, we are told he "wandered through Gaul, Italy, and the Islands of the Mediterranean," waiting for that word which alone could send him with authority on his mission to Ireland; but that word he had long to wait for. He told St. Germain of the voices he had heard; by his advice he went to the Pope, but the Pope was slow to heed him; and moreover his relatives sought to dissuade him. His youth and middle age passed, the sun of his life appeared declining behind the hills; he had come to a time of life when most men have either succeeded or failed in the work they give their lives to,

and he had not yet begun his—not begun so far as the world could see, but he had been wistfully looking forward to, and preparing for it all the time. His early penances and prayers amidst the hills and woods of Antrim, his ascetic training under St. Martin, St. Honorat and St. Germain, his supernatural visions, his mystical life from boyhood to old age, were the seeds of it, hidden from the vision of men, which were to “bring forth fruit in due season.”

In 432, Pope Celestine spoke the word for which St. Patrick had been waiting so long, and he set out on his mission. It is interesting to think of him receiving consecration in Ivrea where St. Malachy his successor in Armagh was a pilgrim seven centuries later, and where for the past five centuries, and to this day, are venerated the relics of Blessed Thaddeus who died there on his way from Rome to govern the diocese of Ross. The weight of sixty years was upon him, with the memory of friendly dissuasions, with the weariness of disappointments and delays, with the knowledge of the failure of Palladius who had gone before him. But the visions he had, and the voices he had heard, were more to him than these. God had given him a work to do, and he knew that God would help him to do it. We can best learn from himself the thoughts that filled his heart as he made his way across the country to Tara, to deliver his religious message to the king and the chieftains of the land who were assembled there. Those thoughts are expressed in the hymn known as St. Patrick's Breastplate,” which he composed and sung on his way to Tara:

“I bind to myself this day
The Power of God to guide me,
The Might of God to uphold me,
The Wisdom of God to teach me,
The Eye of God to watch over me,
The Ear of God to hear me,
The Word of God to give me speech,
The Hand of God to protect me,
The Way of God to lie before me
The Shield of God to shelter me
The Host of God to defend me
Against the snares of demons
Against the temptation of vices. . .

Christ protect me this day. . .
Christ be with me, Christ in the front,
Christ in the rear, Christ within me,
Christ below me, Christ above me,
Christ at my right hand, Christ at my left. . .
Christ in the heart of every one who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every one who speaks to me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me."

He went to make God known in a nation where idols were worshiped, to preach the Gospel of the Prince of Peace to a people given over to war. Claudian, the Poet Laureate of the Emperor Honorius, describes the Irish of those days as setting out for conquest ploughing the sea with their war-ships. Nine years later St. Leo succeeded St. Celestine; and for 443, the "Annals of Ulster" have this record: "Patrick the Bishop shines in Ireland amidst the fires of the faith and the teaching of Christ." If one of those warriors to whom Claudian alludes had been away for some years, had seen the change that had taken place in the meantime in the social ways and the religious life of the people, he would have wondered at the transformation. And if he asked what had happened, the simple answer should be: An old man came; he passed over the country; he had some mysterious influence over the people; he proposed strange doctrines and new ways of life, quite opposed to what they had been used to; they listened to him with reverence; they were fascinated; they yielded to him without opposition or bloodshed, and the result is what you see. It all strikes one like that narrative in the Gospel which tells us of the reply which the man to whom Our Divine Lord had restored his sight made to the Pharisees: "How He did it I don't know; I only know that I was blind and that I can see now."

THE SAINT'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

St. Patrick went as a foreigner to Ireland. He did not flatter popular vanity; he opposed popular prejudices; he did not carry to his work the influence of scholarship or natural genius; yet standing on the brink of the grave, and looking back over the sixty years of his apostolic work, he was so overpowered by the

thought of the change which had taken place that he wrote in his "Confessions": "And who am I, or what is my prayer, Oh Lord, who hast made known to me so much of Thy Divinity?" He had converted a whole nation, and he had done his work so completely that he could not have a successor in it. It was his work exclusively; the faith and holiness and learning, which grew and strengthened afterwards, was but the effect of the one impulse that he gave. Scholars from the Continent had fled to Ireland from the barbarian invaders. They took with them to that island as to a place of security whatever of literature and science had remained with them, together with the tradition of study which they had inherited from the past. They found in those who under the influence of St. Patrick had cast off their heathen superstition for Christian faith, an eagerness for profane knowledge also. St. Patrick himself was not a man of learning, but he prepared a shrine for it in the new spirit which he had put into the Christians he had made. And now these two strange phenomena appear, attested not by Irish writers only but by foreigners such as St. Bede and St. Bernard, Tillemont, Montalembert, and Döllinger: one was a movement to Ireland which had become a refuge and home for scholars; the other was a movement from Ireland. St. Patrick was hardly fifty years in the grave when pioneers of faith and profane knowledge poured out from Ireland, spread the light amidst the forests of Gaul and Germany, and put new untainted blood into the Christianity which, corrupted by Arianism, had taken hold of Northern Italy. . . .

A great event took place the year St. Patrick was sent to Ireland: the Nestorian heresy was condemned. The Nestorians would keep the Divine and Human Nature of Christ apart. Catholic teaching supposes them united into a personal union, for it declares Our Blessed Lady to be the Mother, not of the Humanity of Christ merely, but the Mother of God, since the Human Nature of Christ was assumed into His Divine personality. Behold here the greatest manifestation of the supernatural in the world, which has ever been or even can

be; God, taking our human nature, transfigured, supernaturalized it, raised it up from its fallen condition, and Christ became "the firstborn of many brothers." What a motive for our gratitude and thanksgiving! And Mary, one of our fallen race, was made fit to become the Mother of that Son of eternal grace and purity. What an object for our imitation! What a human ideal it sets before us! St. Patrick carried with him to Ireland that teaching so full of dogmatic truth and of devotional and moral consequence; and the mark it made on the religious character of the Irish people has never been blotted or disfigured. Nine years after his arrival in Ireland St. Leo succeeded St. Celestine, and we are told by the "Annals of Ulster" that "Patrick the Bishop was approved in the Catholic Faith"; and no successor of St. Leo down to Benedict XV has ever had to cancel or change it. The Church which he founded is not a thing of the past, not reduced to a shadow of what it was at any time; it lives and breathes today, palpitating with the immortal life that he gave it, when he committed it to the care of Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother in the freshness of its young formation. The work which he had done before he died was a witness to his miraculous life, to the reality of his visions, and it justified the hope he built on them. The Catholic Faith of his children today is a living witness to the same, and a witness that has never failed or faltered; for it makes an unbroken chain connecting the twentieth century with the fifth, and of which every link is sound. The Church of St. Patrick is not for the study of the antiquarian; we see and feel it.

It is part of Catholic teaching that the State is subject to the moral law, and for the same reason that the individual is. The nation no more than the individual can get outside the authority of God. There is a phrase which passes current today: That religion and politics, Church and State, have nothing to do with each other. What is really meant is, not that religion should not touch politics or influence public life, but that politics may touch religion and bend it to its ways. But by what process can it come to pass that the multitude

of persons who compose a nation are not bound by the moral law which binds them one by one?

Hence, for Catholics, love of country and loyalty to civil government are not a mere natural sentiment for which one has to answer to public opinion only; they are a moral obligation for which one is accountable to God. They are a religious obligation which binds in conscience; and hence, with Irish Catholics, the national watchword has always been Faith and Fatherland, not Fatherland and Faith. They rightly think that if religion has any real meaning at all they should be Catholic first and Irish afterwards, not that these two elements should be separate, but that they should be kept inseparable as they have always been. Being an individual, being a member of a family, being a citizen of a State, are only different moral relations which each one bears. . . .

LOYAL CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

The Catholics of Ireland have ever been loyal to law; they have never been loyal to iniquity—let us pray they never shall. In direct contradiction of that international contract came a succession of laws woven one into another with careful ingenuity, so as to preclude all evasion. They hung like a cloud over the country, and for one hundred and fifty years they crushed the hearts of the people. To borrow a phrase used by a well-known philosopher of the last century, they set the right of force against the force of right. But force cannot make right; force does not consecrate its deeds. Wrong is not less a wrong because it is decreed by a legislature; and illegal resistance or evasion became the natural protection against immoral laws. And so the Catholics of Ireland rightly disowned what force made them endure. Were they bound in conscience by laws which confiscated their lands, drove their families from their homes, or made them serfs in the lands they once possessed? Were they bound to respect decrees which deprived them of the churches they had built, and gave them over to an alien worship contradictory of their Faith? Were they bound in conscience to respect laws which made them keep those

same churches in repair, pay for the support of the false worship which was brought in to supplant their own, and when those churches were let go to ruin, to contribute to the erection of others in their place?

In a parish in Queen's County, a popular tradition has come down for some generations, that the local chapel was once surrounded during Mass, set fire to, and that priest and congregation were burned and buried beneath the ruins. During the past few months, the parish priest, to test the truth of the tradition, had the place excavated, and the ghastly reality came to light in the skulls and bones of a few hundred persons, with the chalice which was used at the Holy Sacrifice. I once made a visit to a Massrock hidden away in a mountain cave; and it was not without emotion that I gazed on that rude and lonely altar around which the people used to gather by stealth to hear Mass in other days, whilst I looked out over the valley at the well-built preaching-church where half a dozen persons at most assembled once a week for prayers. A few days ago I happened to read some letters written to the Papal Internuncio at Brussels by the successor of St. Patrick in the early part of the eighteenth century. He was a man of noble family; but he dared not sign his name to any of those letters; and he addressed them as did all the Irish Bishops of those days, "*ex loco refugii*." In those times, the original of the Papal Brief by which an Irish bishop was appointed was never sent to the Bishop: it was kept in the office of the Internuncio. Only a copy containing the mere essentials was sent, lest it should become known to government that the Vicar of Christ had dared to appoint a Catholic ecclesiastic to a vacant Catholic see of a Catholic people and country.

I have said that the work of St. Patrick is not a subject of antiquarian research, for it lives. Fifteen hundred years ago the Irish nation was baptized, and born into Christ. The film of paganism was raised from her eyes; she saw the eternal truth and beauty of the Catholic Faith, and she has never lost sight of it. Her children have ever since been born into

Christ, one by one; and that supernatural life, has been the bond of their natural life and the mainstay of their enduring national existence. In many parts of Ireland there is a beautiful custom which illustrates how the supernatural is realized there. The messenger who calls a priest at night to prepare a sick person for death, insists on accompanying him back again to his home. The Catholic instinct of the people will not let Our Divine Lord be taken back alone after He had come to console and strengthen a dying member of their household. The custom may be a lingering relic of a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which the Ritual orders; its original and true significance may have been lost, but the supernatural and the living root is there. It was my good fortune to have studied under one of the most illustrious professors who taught in the Roman schools during the last century. He was sublime and deep as he was eloquent. I well remember this: As he tried to explain how the finite intellect of the Blessed in heaven can see directly into the infinite essence of God, illustrating it with his fervid and nervous eloquence, I recognized in a theological term which he used a saying I had known from childhood; and familiarity had made me understand its meaning. "The light of glory to your soul" is a phrase used in Ireland by old and young, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, in that simple faith which realizes the unseen, and sees more vividly than science. It has come down as an expression of mutual good-will from those times when the thoughts of Catholics in Ireland turned most towards the rewards of the next life, because they found themselves shut out from all hope of happiness or justice in this.

FAITH THEIR LIFE.

And their supernatural life has become also the mainstay of their national life. The soul of a nation can never die, except of moral corruption. Brute force may grind to powder the material elements that compose it, but if it rests on the moral law it will revive and put out its activity again. A nation that lives in God lives by purity, by justice, by fortitude, by hope. It may

have to pass through its winter of bleak distress; but its spring and summer are sure to come round, and it will bloom again like every tree that grows. That leads us into the secret of this striking fact. By the middle of the eighteenth century, the Catholics of Ireland had been reduced to about two-thirds of the population. By the middle of the nineteenth they were in a majority of six to one. In spite of the consequences of the famine of 1847—a famine not because there was not food, but because it was taken from those who produced it, and under the sanction of the law—in spite of wholesale evictions, of the dispersion of families, and other causes of the continuous depopulation which has been going on for the past seventy years till now, the Catholics are still in a majority of three to one. There has been a systematic design to destroy the race; and yet the race lives on. There may be more than one cause of that striking phenomenon, but the chief one has its root in the faith of the people. The teaching of the Divine Motherhood of Our Blessed Lady, which St. Patrick took to Ireland as it came fresh from the Council of Ephesus; the ideal of her virginal purity, which that teaching stamped on the souls and hearts of the women of Ireland; reverence for the sanctity of the marriage state: these have saved Irish Catholics from those two growths of our fashionable civilization: the divorce court and the suicide of race. Their faith has saved them from that filth. Their faith is not a mere philosophy; it is a life. They live by their Catholic Faith; they hold by their national ideals which that Faith has helped them to form and to keep. And they have never been forgiven for it—no, not from the day when Giraldus Cambrensis lied in the twelfth century, to the politician and the news correspondent who lie today, and lie without scruple and without shame.

And where is the work of St. Patrick in evidence today? Outside the inner life of the people the history of Catholic Ireland in modern times can be read better over the face of the country than in written documents; for those who have done destruction there have destroyed also as far as possible the written records of their deeds. But their deeds are recorded in the ruin they made.

Read it then in the dismantled monasteries and burnt churches, from Quin and Cashel to Donegal and Carrickfergus; in the loose walls which remain of those humble chapels in which the people worshiped from the close of the eighteenth century to the latter part of the nineteenth. A little while ago, you could read it in the ruined homes of families dispersed and gone; but that record too has been blotted out, for grass grows and cattle feed where those families once passed their peaceful lives, bound together in human sympathy and Christian love. Read it again, and the lesson it teaches is worth learning, in the first and second generations of those same families who have grown in number and in power in the busy centers of Great Britain, America, and Australia; in the lives of those who have become makers and guardians of law in their exile, but were its victims at home—and they do not forget the past; in the schools and colleges, the orphanages and hospitals they build and support; in the glorious memorial they have raised to the name of Our Blessed Lady in the Cathedral of Sydney, and in those they have raised to the name of St. Patrick in the Cathedrals of Melbourne and New York. And read it in the resurrection of the dry bones in Ireland itself: in those new and beautiful churches which those who have stayed at home have built all over the country from Queenstown to Armagh, their steeples beckoning from earth to heaven as if to keep the people in mind of St. Paul's warning that "We have not here a lasting city but we seek one that is to come."

"WHY THIS WASTE?"

It is all an expression of an undying faith in the supernatural. But St. Paul also wrote: "The animal man understandeth not the things of God." He knows the world he lives in, and lives for; but he does not understand the ways of the world that is outside and above it. Hence naturalism raises his voice in cynical reproach; and this is what he says: Why this waste? Why not use the money those churches cost in reviving the industries you once had?—industries which he has legislated out of existence; in opening factories you

once had?—and which he has taken care to close; in developing the resources of your country?—resources which he has long since dried up. It is a cruel criticism; it is a heartless voice; but it comes back on the naturalism that speaks it. It brings a double discredit in seeking to conceal a wrong; and it has not even the merit of originality. Whilst Our Divine Lord was at supper in the house of Simon the leper, Mary Magdalen in gratitude for His mercy came with costly ointments to anoint Him. But there was one present who was greatly scandalized, and he said “Why this waste? Could not the money those ointments cost be given to the poor?” He was Judas Iscariot. But there was another present who said that Judas spoke as he did not because he loved the poor, but because he loved the purse. He was St. John, the Beloved Disciple of Our Divine Lord.

Naturalism says: “I advise them, and I long to help them; but they dream their lives away and will not heed me; they have vain ideas of life, and cannot or will not understand me.” To all this Irish Catholics have a very plain and telling reply: Ah, yes, we understand you well, and we have good reason. The tears you shed for us are the tears of the crocodile. It is not those costly churches that give you pain, but it is that we have any churches at all. They stand out as an earnest to the world of our Catholic life and of our reviving Catholic activity; but they are also memorials of your failure after you had done your worst. Therefore you badly bear the sight of them. You never reproved us for straining our poverty to pay the rack-rent, and the tithe-rent, the church-cess, and the taxes; no, indeed, you approved; nay you compelled us. Your anxiety lest our poverty be overborne begins when the money spent becomes an expression of our faith, and an evidence of your failure. Again, it is you made our poverty, not we; it is we who pay for those churches, not you; and we have neither sought your approval, nor do we heed your reproach. We go our own way. We recognize that our way is not your way; we own it; and, what will possibly surprise you, we rejoice in the distinction. Whilst we are in this world, like you, we value “our daily bread”; but unlike you, we believe

that "not in bread alone doth man live." You took possession of the churches our fathers built; some of them are long since in ruins; and the rest are empty. We have built others to take their place, and we fill them. Choose your own ideals; we prefer those of Magdalen the penitent, and of St. John the Apostle of Love. She bought costly ointments to show her love for her Saviour, and the Apostle of Love approved what she did in reproving the Pharisee who blamed her. It is the same Apostle of love tells us that "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." He dwells amongst us still, and therefore we build costly churches and costly altars to enshrine Him; and like Magdalen, we do not grudge the cost. We enclose those altars too with costly altar-rails; but we surround them with something infinitely more precious than marble, penitent souls who, purified by the Sacrament of Penance, show their love for and their need of their Saviour by approaching these altar-rails to receive Him. We have our short-comings like the rest of mankind; but we know it. But our faith gives us hope; and we have trust in the good God who has preserved us through many difficulties and grievous trials unto this day. The thought of St. Paul keeps ever sounding in our souls "We are confident of this very thing, that He who began the good work in us, will perfect the same unto the day of Jesus Christ."

Ireland's Claims for Recognition

EAMON DE VALERA.

THE primary object of my mission to your country is to secure official recognition for the elected Government of the Republic of Ireland. Our moral claim for recognition is based on these foundations:

- (1) That the people of every nation are entitled fundamentally to the right of choosing for themselves the form of government their nation shall have, on the basis that "Governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed."
- (2) That Ireland

is a nation, and, as such, that her people have a right to determine for themselves how they shall be governed.

(3) That the Irish people have, in fact, determined how they shall be governed and have declared their will in an unmistakable manner. By their suffrages they have established an independent Republic and chosen as their government this Government, on whose behalf, as its Chief Executive, I am here claiming formal and official recognition.

Solidly based, as our claim is, on these foundations, on principles that are universally accepted as very axioms, and on facts which can be so proven that there is no denying them, we have a right to expect that those who would reject our claim should at least give some good reason for doing so. We should not be asked to prove such a thing as that Ireland is entitled to its independence, or that the Irish people are entitled to self-determination. It should rather be those who would deny that right who should be called upon to give their reasons. . . .

Ireland is a nation judged by every accepted general criterion of nationhood, admittedly so even by the enemy-statesmen of Britain, not two nations, as the present British Premier would like you to believe, but one nation, with a unity and continuity of national life proceeding unbroken from the past back further than any existing European nation except Greece, and with an intensity of national consciousness among its people. If nations in general are entitled to the right of national self-determination, some good reason should be brought forward by those who deny that right to the nation of Ireland. . . .

Is it that the Irish nation is not a nation at all? History, as I have said, and present-day facts, which are there for everyone to investigate, are against those who would hold such a view. I am content to leave this to every fair-minded person to examine for himself or herself, confident that no objections can be raised to Ireland's claim on the ground of nationality.

Is it that the Irish nation has sold her birthright and by some contract or other has put itself outside the

pale of free national choice and national independence? History has no record of any such transaction. Refusal to sell their birthright; refusal to allow their distinct national individuality to be annihilated or submerged has cost the people of Ireland 750 years of blood and agony.

Throughout the past it has been precisely this that has been the issue in the contest between Ireland and England, it is this that is the issue between Ireland and Britain today, that Ireland will not give up her own individuality as a nation and will not surrender her title to independence as a separate nation.

The British Government no doubt claims that Ireland has made such a surrender, that she is indissolubly bound in a partnership with Britain. But the Irish people have never admitted or accepted any such partnership; they have, on the contrary, repudiated and refused it and have fought constantly against it to the utmost of their power. Their record in this respect is, in fact, in itself ample evidence of the hollowness of Britain's claim.

England or Britain has never held Ireland except by force; never for a single moment has any English or British Government dared to withdraw its troops from Ireland. As today they can only hold Ireland by howitzers and machine guns, by aeroplanes and tanks, by bombs and poison gas; so in the past, also, it was only by these same methods of brute force that they have been able to hold Ireland. Which is this regime of force evidence of? Is it of voluntary partnership or legitimate contract? Is it evidence of an accepted political union? Or is it evidence, rather, of "the union of the shark with its prey?"

THE PLEA OF SECESSION.

Those who would prejudice Ireland's case in the eyes of Americans talk of Ireland's "attempt at secession." There can be no secession where there has been no union; no divorce where there has been no marriage. England's act of "union" enacted against the will of the Irish people by a body legally incompetent by the people—a body bribed to surrender what was not theirs to

surrender, enacted, too, only eighteen years after Britain's Parliament had itself, by a solemn act of renunciation, abandoned its pretenses to rule Ireland and recognized as "forever hereafter unquestionable" Ireland's sovereign parliamentary rights, this is the only basis that can be shown for England's so-called contract, an act which Gladstone said had originated in circumstances so "foul and vile" that it had "no moral title to existence whatever."

Eighty-six coercion acts, that practically deprived the Irish people of all civil liberty, show how England maintained this "voluntary union" during the first eighty-seven years of its existence. A further coercion act, passed in the eighty-seventh year of its existence, made perpetual, and actively in force at this very moment, giving to the British Government in Ireland powers over the individual Irishman and Irishwoman in excess of those it possessed in virtue of the war-time regulations, an act that substitutes the arbitrary rule of Britain's military satraps for properly constituted civil authority, and deprives the Irish citizens of all the safeguards to individual rights that obtain among civilized people—shows how England maintains her so-called "union" today and how she has maintained it for the past thirty-two years.

"Secession," indeed! "Divorce," indeed! It would be about as just to hurl these at a girl who was struggling to win her freedom from a brigand who had carried her off and who was keeping her by force, as to hurl them at Ireland in her struggles for freedom from Britain.

The Irish Bishops' Renewed Protest

THE principle of disregarding national feelings and national rights, and of carrying everything with the high hand, above the head of the people, has, we are sorry to say, become a general rule of government in Ireland, and has brought about the dreadful confusion and disorder from which the country unhappily suffers, and which we view with deepest distress.

The legitimate demand of Ireland that she should be

accorded what is now the acknowledged right of every civilized nation, and for the establishment of which as a world principle the late war was waged, at least ostensibly, at the cost of so much suffering and misery, the right, namely, to choose her own government, has not only been denied to her, but every organ for the expression of her national life has been ruthlessly suppressed, and her people subjected to an iron rule of oppression as cruel and unjust as it is ill-advised and out of date.

The result is what might have been easily foreseen, violent collisions and retaliations between exasperated sections of the people and the forces of oppression growing ever more serious, and eventuating too often in the most sorrowful tragedies on both sides.

And while the Government is thus occupied almost exclusively in the odious work of political repression, and the police diverted from their proper functions as the guardians of civil order, the lives and property of peaceful citizens are left unprotected and a free opportunity afforded to the wicked for the perpetration of robbery and murder, forms of crime hitherto rare in Ireland.

We have already, with a deep sense of responsibility, published our united protest against this unhappy state of things. We once more renew our appeal, if indeed it is now possible to make our voices heard above the din of the prevailing confusion. We would represent to the advocates of military rule in Ireland that government by force, which was never right, is today wholly obsolete, and cannot hope to prevail for long against the democratic spirit now dominating the world.

We have, therefore, to declare that the one true way to terminate our historic troubles and establish friendly relations between England and Ireland, to the advantage of both countries, is to allow an undivided Ireland to choose her own form of government.

And meanwhile we appeal to our own people to exercise patience under the terrible provocations to which they are subjected, to remember the law of God, to combine amongst themselves for the prevention of crime, to restrain the promptings of revenge and abstain from deeds of bloodshed and outrage calculated to bring on them-

selves and their country shame and the anger of Heaven.

THEY REJECT THE EDUCATION BILL.

(1) We endorse the statement issued by our Standing Committee in condemnation of the Education bill, which is the most nationalizing scheme since the Act of Union, and we recommend that statement to the earnest study of our people.

[Last Easter the principle of the bill was rejected by anticipation with a resolution published by the Standing Committee. We direct that both documents be republished and read in the churches, together with the statement now issued.]

(2) Until Ireland is governed by her own Parliament we shall resist by every means in our power any attempt to abolish the Boards of Primary, Intermediate, and Technical Education.

(3) The bill is an attempt on the part of the British Government to grip the mind of the people of Ireland and form it according to its own wishes. We are convinced that the enactment of the measure would deprive the Bishops and clergy of such control of the schools as is necessary for that religious training of the young which Leo XIII. declared to be a chief part in the care of souls.

(4) In any case, should the Government force the bill on Ireland and set up an educational department controlled by British Ministers, no matter what their religion may be, it will be our duty to issue instructions to Catholic parents in reference to the education of their children in such a deplorable crisis.

(5) As the indirect taxation takes as much from the poor man as from the rich, and as the income per head in Ireland is not near a half of what it is in Great Britain, the system of identical indirect taxation results in draining an altogether excessive amount of revenue year by year from Ireland; and this evil is greatly aggravated when such a service as education, in which, if anywhere, compensation might be expected to manifest itself, is starved instead, despite constant protests.

It is, moreover, a gross and intolerable abuse of public power to endeavor to make the just remuneration of our

teachers depend on the passing of a bill that is framed in defiance of the will of our people and utterly repugnant to the interests of Ireland, whether educational, national, or religious.

(6) We have intense sympathy with the teachers in the grievances to which they are so unjustly subject, and we shall do everything in our power to help in securing fair treatment for the excellent body of instructors, primary, secondary, and technical, on whose services the public welfare so much depends.

We think the country should combine to insist on justice to the teachers apart from the national indignity of a bill like this, and the intolerable burden of rates it imposes in addition to the enormous pile of over-taxation.

Ireland's Case Tersely Put

PRESIDENT DE VALERA.

From the Newark "Monitor."

IF the Irish question did not exist, it would be well for the world at this time to invent it.

It is fortunate that the question of Ireland's recognition arises. It is doubly fortunate that America is strong enough to decide this question boldly, without fear, in the way its conscience prompts.

Ireland's cause is not Ireland's cause only—it is the cause of the world. It is the cause of right and of justice, and of true democracy everywhere.

If I were an American, I would make it the supreme object of my life on earth to win for my country the distinction of securing now for mankind, in peace, what millions have so far died for, vainly, in war—justice as the basis of international right, and self-determination of nations a principle in practice. Ireland's claim furishes America the opportunity.

This question of recognition is distinctly an American question. The decision is yours, and yours only—yours to say whether you shall continue to recognize the government of might in Ireland or begin now to recognize the government of right.

We are not asking the American Government to begin "*meddling*" in this dispute between Ireland and Britain. If you use that word—you *have* meddled. You *are* meddling. You are at this moment according official recognition to England's government in Ireland. You are refusing to recognize the government of right. You are recognizing the government of might, and even supporting it. The monies borrowed from you maintain England's army of occupation in Ireland.

The Irish Republic exists. Its shackles serve but to make its reality the more concrete. It is not destroyed when individuals or nations plunge their heads into the sand and say they cannot see it. It is there—recognized or not, and it can be destroyed only by the power that brought it into being—the will of the Irish people.

When we say England we mean the British Government—the English ruling classes.

The Irish do not hate England or the English. They hate rule by the foreigner, good or bad—most bitterly the bad. Why not?

The Irish desire peace with England, as with the rest of the world. If England desired peace she would cease her usurpation in Ireland.

It is not the Irish who are wilfully disturbing the world's peace. It is not they who are the aggressors—it is the British.

The British can end this question in an hour by withdrawing their troops. The Irish on their side can end it only by sacrificing their nationhood and their national rights to self-determination and freedom. Which ought to yield?

Ireland would have to give up what was hers—her own—her very life. England would only have to give up that which is not hers to keep—that which she got by robbery, and that which she persists in retaining only because of her selfishness and greed.

Ireland cannot will her own annihilation. It has cost her seven hundred and fifty years of blood and tears to hold on to her individual existence and she will not relinquish it now.

Ireland in Bondage

A LETTER TO PRESIDENT DE VALERA.

TO you, the trusted representative of the Irish people, I send the enclosed cheque for fifty pounds as my contribution to the Irish National Loan. Here at home the British Government has continued to trample on the principles of democracy. Ireland is in a state of political and industrial bondage. Our fairs and markets are stopped. Our exhibitions of industries are prohibited. Our national games are banned. Our literary and musical festivals are proclaimed. Even Princes of the Church are asked to guarantee that they are not criminals before they are allowed to use their motor cars. The British Government proposes to place Irish education under the domination of foreign reactionaries who are out of sympathy with the religious and National ideas of the Irish people. Sinn Fein, the Gaelic League and kindred societies are suppressed, and the lie is told that they are responsible for crimes. Our homes are raided by armed forces of the British Crown. Our streets are paraded by a huge army of occupation. Our elected representatives are not allowed to meet in our Irish Parliament and some of them have been deported in British gun-boats.

These are some of the activities of the British Government which has loudly proclaimed its respect for the liberties of small nations. I wish you every blessing in your noble efforts to right the wrongs of centuries, and to free Ireland from the blighting influence of foreign rule. I am, my dear Mr. De Valera, yours very faithfully,

J. M. HARTY,
Archbishop of Cashel.